## TALMAGE SERMON

The Brooklyn Divine Preaches on the "Curse of Intemperance."

He Says Rum Cannot Be Taxed Out of Existence-Two Pictures from Life.

Text: "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath decoured him."-Gen. xxxvii. Joseph's brethren dipped their brother's coat in goat's blood, and then brought the dabbled garment to their father, cheating him with the idea that a ferocious anima had slain him, and thus hiding their infa-mous behavior. But there is no deception about that which we hold up to your ob-servation to-day. A monster such as never ranged African thicket or Hindostan never ranged African thicket of Hibdostal jungle hath tracked this land, and with bloody maw hath strewn the continent with the mangled carcasses of whole genera-tions, and there are tens of thousands of fathers and mothers who could hold up the garment of their slain boy, truthfully exclaiming, "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him." There has in all ages and climes been a tendency to the improper use of stimulants. Noah, as if disgusted with use of stimulants. Noah, as it disgusted what the prevalence of water in his time, took to strong drink. By this vice Alexander the Conqueror was conquered. The Romans at their feasts fell off their seats with intoxica-tion. Four hundred millions of our race are opium eaters. India, Turkey and China bave opium eaters. India, Turkey and China ave groaned with the desolation, and by it have been quenched such lights as Halley and DeQuincey. One hundred millions are the victims of the betel nut, which has specially blasted the East Indies. Three hundred millions chew hashish, and Persia, Brazil and Africa suffer the delirium. The Tartars employ murowa, the Mexicans the agave, the people of Guarapo an intoxicating quality taken from sugar cane, while a great multitude that no man can number are the disciples of alcohol. To it they bow. Under discribes of aiccool. To the deep bow. Other it they are trampled. In its trenches they fall. On its ghastly holocaust they burn. Could the muster roll of this great army be called, and they could come up from the dead, what eye could endure the resking. festering putrefaction and beastliness? What heart could endure the groan of ag-

Drunkenness. Does it not jingle the burglar's key? Does it not whet the assassin's knife? Does it not cock the highwayman's pistol? Does it not wave the incendiary's torch? Has it not sent the physician reeling into the sick room, and the minister with his tongue thick into the pulpit? Did not an exquisite poet from the very top of his fame fall a gibbering sot into the gutter on his way to be married to one of the fairest daughters of New England, and at the very hour the bride was decking herself for the altar, and did he not die of delirium tremens almost unattended in a hospital? Tamerlane asked for 160,000 skulls with which to build a pyramid to his own honor. He got the skulls and built the pyramid. But if the bones of all those who have fallen as a prey to dissipa-tion could be piled up it would make a vaster

Who will gird himself for the journey and try with me to scale this mountain of the dead, going up miles high on human car-casses to find still other peaks far above, mountain above mountain white with the bleached bones of drunkards? a Sabbath has been sacrificed to the

. traffic. To many of our people the best g of the week is the worst. Bakers must of the week is the worst. Bakers must beep their shops closed on the Sabbath. It is dangerous to have loaves of bread going out on Sunday. The shoe store is closed; severe penalty will attack the man who sells boots on the Sabath. But down the window shutters of the shops! Our laws shall confer pargrog shops! Our laws sum traffickers, ticular honor upon the rum traffickers. other trades must stand aside for these. Let our citizens who have disgraced thems by trading in clothing and hosiery and hard-ware and lumber and coal take off their hats to the rumseller, elected to particular honor. It is unsafe for any other class of men to be allowed license for Sunday work. But swing out your signs, oh ye traffickers in the peace of families and in the souls of immortal men! Let the corks fly, and the beer foam, and the rum go tearing down the half consumed throat of the inebriate. God does not see: Judgment will never come:

municipal crime. There is a way of driving down the hoops of a barrel so tight that they break. We have in this country at various times tried to regulate this evil by a tax on whisky. You might as well try to regulate the Asiatic cholera or the smallpox by taxation. The men who distil liquors are for the most part unscrupulous, and the higher the tax the more inducement to illicit distilla-

tion.

Oh! the folly of trying to restrain an evil by Government tariff. If every gallow of whisky made, if every flask of wine produced, should be taxed a thousand dollars, it would not be enough to pay for the tears it has wrung from the eyes of widows and orphans, nor for the blood it has dashed on the Christian Church, nor for the catastrophe of the millions it has destroyed forever.

I sketch two houses in this street. The first is bright as home can be. The father

comes at nightfall, and the children run out to meet him. Luxuriant evening meal. Gratulation and sympathy and laughter. Music in the parlor. Fine pictures on the wall. Costly books on the stand. A well class old. Plenty of everything to make home happy.

House the second. Piano sold yesterday by the sheriff. Wife's furs at pawnbroker's shop. Clock gone. Daughter's jewelry sold to get flour. Carpets gone off the floor. Daughters in faded and patched dresses. Wife sewing for the stores. Little child with wife sewing for the stores. Little child with an ugly wound on her face, struck in an angry blow. Deep shadow of wretchedness falling in every room. Door bell rings. Little children hide. Daughters turn pale. Wife holds her breath. Blundering step in the hall. Door opens. Fiend, brandishing his fist, cries, "Out! out! What are you doing here?"

ing here?"
Did I call this house the second? No; it is the same house. Rum transformed it. Rum embruted the man. Rum sold the shawl. Rum tore up the carpets. Rum shook his ast. Rum desolated the hearth. Rum changed that paradise into a hell.

I sketch two men that you know very well. The first graduated from one of our literary institutions. His father, mother, brothers and sisters were present to see him graduate. They heard the applauding thunders that greeted his speech. They saw the bouquets tossed to his feet. They saw the degree conferred and the diploma given. He never looked so well. Everybody said: "What a noble brow! What a fine eye! What graceful manners! What brilliant prospects!" All the world opens before him and cries, "Hur-

Man the second lies in the station-house. The doctor has just been sent for to bind up the gashes received in a fight. His halr is matted, and makes him look like a wild beast His lip is bloody and cut. Who is this bat-tered and bruised wretch that was picked p by the police and carried in frunk and foul and blee ling? Did I call him man the second? He is man the first! Run transformed him. Run destroyed his prospects. Ruta disappointed parental expectation. Rum withered those garlands of commencement day. Rum cut his lip. Rum dashed out his manhood. Rum-accursed rum!

This foul thing gives one swing to its scytho and our best merchants fall. Their stores are sold and they sink into dishonored graves. Again it swings its scythe, and some of our best physicians fall into sufferings that their wisest prescriptions cannot cure. Again it swings its scythe, and ministers of the Gospel fall from the heights of Zion, with long-resounling crash of ruin and shame. Some of your own households have already been shaken. Perhaps you can hardly admit it, but where was your son last night? Where was he Friday night? Where was he Thursday night? Wednesday night? Tuesday night? Monday night? Nay, have not some of you in your own bodies felt the power of this habit? You think that you could too? A receiver you goald? Goon. could stop? Are you sure you could? Go on a little further, and I am sure you cannot. I think if some of you should try to break away you would find a chain on the right wrist and one on the left; one on the right foot and another on the left. This serpent does not begin to hurt until it has wound. round and round. Then it begins to tighten and strangle and crash until the bones crack, and the blood trickles, and their eyes start from their sockets, and the mangled wretch cries: "O God! O God! help! help!" But it is too late, and not even the tires of woo can melt the chain when once it is fully fastened.

I have shown you the evil beast. The question is, Who will hunt him down and shall we shoot him? I answer first, by getting our children right on this subject. Let them grow up with an utter aversion to strong drink. Take care how you adminis-ter it, even as medicine. If you find that they have a natural love for it, as some have, put in a glass of it some hurrid stuff, and make it utterly nauseous. Teach them as faithfully as you do the Bible that rum is a fiend. Take them to the almshouse and show them the wreck and ruin it works. Walk with them into the homes that have been scourged by it. If a drunkard had fallen inscourged by it. If a drinkard had their into a ditch take them right up where they can see his face, bruised, savage and swollen, and say: "Look, my son. Rum did that!" Looking out of your window at some one who, intoxicated to madness, goes through the street brandishing his fist, biaspheming God, a howling, defying, shouting, regling, rav-ing and foaming maniac, say to your son: "Look, that man was once a child like you." As you go by the grog shop let them know that that is the place where men are slain, and their wives made paupers, and their children slaves. Hold out to your children all warn-ings, all rewards, all counsels, lest in after days they break your heart and curse your gray hairs. A man laughed at my father for his scrupulous temperance principles for his scrupulous temperance principles, and said: "I am more liberal than you. always give my children the sugar in the glass after we have been taking a drink." Three of the sons have died drunkards and

Again, we will battle this evil by voting only for sober men. How many men are there who can rise above the feelings of partisanship and demand that our officials shall

the fourth is imbecile through intemperate

I maintain that the question of sobriety is higher than the question of availability, and that however eminent a man's services may be, if he have habits of intoxication he is unfit for any office in the gift of a Christian people. Our laws will be no better than the men who make them. Spend a few days at Harrisburg or Albany or Washington and you will find out why upon these subjects it s impossible to get righteous enactments. Again, we will war upon this evil by or-ganized societies. The friends of the rum traffic have bandel together; annually issue their circulars; raise fabulous sums of money to advance their interests, and by grips, pass words, signs and stratagems set at defiance public morals. Let us confront them with organizations just as secret, and, it need be, with grips and pass words and signs maintain our position. There is no need that our philanthropic societies tell all their plans. I am in favor of all lawful strate; y in the carrying on of this conflict. I wish to God we coul I lay under the wine casks a train which, one: iguited, would shake the earth with the explosion of this monstrous iniquity!

Again, we will try the power of the pledge. There are thousands of men who have been saved by putting their names to such a document. I know it is laughed at, but there are some men who, having once promised a thing, do it. "Some have broken the pledge." Yes; they were liars. But all men are not liars. I do not say that it is the duty of all persons to make such signature, but I do say that it would be the salvation of many of you. The glorious work of Theobald Mathew can never be estimated. At his hand four millions of people took the pledge, and multitudes in Ireland, England, Scotland and America have kept it till this day. The pledge signed to thousands has been the proclamation of emancipation.

Again, we expect great things from ine-briate asylums. They have already done a glorious work. I think that we are coming at last to treat inebriation as it ought to be treated, namely, as an awful disease, self in-flicted, to be sure, but nevertheless a disease. Once fastened upon a man sermons won't cure him; temperance lectures will not eradicate it; religious tracts will not remove it; the Gospel of Christ will not arrest it. Once under the power of this awful thirst the man is bound to go on; and if the foaming glass were on the other side of perdition he would wade through the fires of hell to get it. A young man in prison had such a strong thirst for intoxicating liquors that he cut off his hand at the wrist, called or a bowl of brandy in order to stop the blooding, thrust his wrist into the bowl, and then drank the cou-

Stand not when the thirst is on him be tween a min and his cups. Clear the track for him. Away with the children; he would tread their life out. Away with the wife; he would dash her to death. Away with the I do not know but that Gol is determined to let drunkenness triumph, and the husbands and sons of thousands of our best families be destroyed by this vice, in order that our people, amazed and indignant, may rise up and demand the extermination of this municipal crum. There is a way of driving the bowl and the soul trembles over the pit the bowl and the soul trembles over the pit the driving it to me! Though it has a straw of the soul trembles over the pit the driving it to me! Though it has a straw of the soul trembles over the pit the driving it to me! Though it has a straw of the soul trembles over the pit the driving it to me! Though it has a straw of the soul trembles over the pit the soul trembles -the drink! give it to ma! Though it ba nor an ruish float on the foam-zive it to ma I drink to my wife's woo, to my children's rags, to my eternal banishment from Gol hope and heaven! Give it to me! the drink!"

Again, we will contend against these evils by trying to persuade the respectable classes of society to the banishment of alcoholic You who move in elegant and boverages. refine I associations; you who drink the best liquors; you who never drink until you loss your balance, let us loo's each other in the faction this subject. You have under God in your power the redemption of this land from drunkenness. Empty your cellars and wine closets of the beverage and then come out and give us your hand, your vote your pray ers, your sympathies. Do that and I will promise three things: First, That you will find un spankable happiness in having done your duty; second, you will probably save some-boly-perhaps your own child; third, you will not in your last hour regret that you made the sacrifice, if sacrifice it be.

As long as you make drinking respectable drinking customs will prevail, and the plowshare of death, drawn by terrible disasters, will o on, turning up this whole continent from en l to end with the long, deep, awful furrow of drankards' graves.

Oh! how this rum fiend would like to go

an I hang up a skeleton in your beautifu house, so that when you opened the front door to go in you would see it in the hall; and when you sat at your table you would see it hanging from the wall; and when you opened your bedroom you would find it stretched upon your pillow; and, waking at night, you would feel its cold hand passng over your face and pluching at your

There is no nome so beautiful but it may be devastated by the awful curse. It throws its jargon into the sweetest harmony. What was it that silenced Sheridan, the English orator, and shattered the golden scepter with which he swayed parliaments and courts? What foul sprite turned the sweet rhythmn of Robert Burns into a tuneless babble? What brought down the majestic form of one who awed the American Senate with his cloquence, and after a while carried him home dead drunk? What was it that swamped the noble spirit of one of the heroes of the last war, until, in a drunken fit, he reeled from the deck of a western steamer and was drowned? There was one whose voice we all loved to hear. He was one of the most classic orators of the century. People wondered why a man of so pure a heart and so excel-lenta life should have such a sad countenance always. They knew not that his wife was a

I call upon those who are guilty of these indulgences to quit the path of keath. Oh, what a change it would make in your home! Do you see how everything there is being desolated? Would you not like to bring back joy to your wife's heart, and have your children come out to meet you with as much confidence as once they showed? Would you confidence as once they showed? Would you not like to rekindle the home lights that long ago were extinguished? It is not too late to It may not entirely obliterate from your soul the memory of wasted years and a ruined reputation, nor smooth out from your auxious brow the wrinkles which trouble has plowed. It may not call back unkind words uttered or rough deeds done; for perhaps in those awful moments you struck her! It may not take from your memory the bitter thoughts connected with some little grave. But it is not too late to save yourself, and

secure for God and your family the re-mainder of your fast going life. But perhaps you have not utterly gone astray. I may address one who may not have quite made up his mind. Let your better nature speak out. You take one side or the other in the war against drunkenness. Have you the courage to put your foot inwaright, and say to your companions and friends, "I will never drink intoxicating liquor in all my life, nor will I countenance the habit in others?" Have nothing to do with strong drink. It has turned the earth into a place of skulls, and has stool opening the gate to a lost world to let in its vitim until now the door swings no more upon its but day and night stands wide open to let in the agonized procession of doomed

life is to a minister to this appetite? For God's sake get out of that business! If a way

be pronounced upon the man who gives his neighbor drink, how many wees must be hanging over the man who does this every day and every hour of the day? Do not think that because human govern

Do not think that because numan govern-ment may license you that therefore God heenses you. I am surprised to hear you men say that they respect the "original package" decision by which the Su-preme Court of the United States allows rum to be taken into States like Kansas, which have decided against the sale of intoxi-cents. I because respect for a wrong decicants. I have no respect for a wrong decision. I care not who makes it. The three judges of the Supreme Court who gave minority report against that decision were right and the chief justice was wrong. The right of a State to defend itself against the rum traffic will yet be demonstrated, the supreme court notwithstanding. Higher than the judicial bench at Washington is the throne of the Lord God Almighty. No enactment, national, State or municipal, can give you the right to carry on a business whose one

ffect is destruction.

God knows better than you do yourself the number of drinks you have poured out. You keep a list, but a more accurate list has been kept than yours. You may call it Bargundy, bourbon, cognae, Heidsieck, sour mash, or beer. God calls it strong irink. Whether you sell it in low oyster cellar or behind the polished counter of a first-class hotel, the divine curse is upon you. I tell you plainly that you will meet you. I tell you pining that you will meet your customers one day when there will be no counter between you. When your work is done on earth, and you enter the reward of your business, all the souls of the men whom you have destroyed will crowd around you and soon their littless around you and soon their littless. whom you have destroyed. Will clowly around you and pour their bitterness into your cup. They will show you their wounds and say, "You made them," and point to their unquenchable thirst and say, "You kindled it," and rattle their chain and say, "You forged it." Then their united groans will smite your ear, and with the hands out will smite you once picked the sixpences and the dimes, they will push you off the verge of great precipices, while rolling up from beneath and breaking among the crags of death will thunder, "Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink."

### WATER POLO.

### A New Game Introduced - The Players and their Tasks.

A new sport, combining genuine recreation with picturesque athletic dis-play, is a thing to be hailed with delight, ays a New York letter to the San Francisco Chronicle. If in addition to these advantages it is one peculiarly suited to the season, and with so few limitations that it can be played almost anywhere, its popularity is a foregone conclusion.

Such a sport is water polo, which was played for the first time in this country only a few weeks ago, and the honor of its introduction to the list of American pastimes belongs to Rhode Island. It is imported from England, but even there it has been introduced only very lately. Polo on horsebace and polo on skates have been followed by polo in the water, and the aquatic method proves to be not only the safest, but the most interesting of the three. It will not be surprising if it should become a feature of the gay and fashionable summer existence at Newport, Narragansett, Cape May, Atlantic City and other resorts.

To play polo on the water, it is essential that the participants in the game should all be capable swimmers, entirely at ease in water of a depth varying from three to eight feet, and able to dive and stay under for a moment, if need be.

Two goals are crected in the water a foot above the water mark. The goal is merely a piece of black cloth, about three feet long and two feet deep, fastened at the top, but hanging loose at the bottom, so that a rubber ball, which is about the same size as a football, may be pushed between it in making a goal. At each goal stands a judge, and a referee is stationed on one side near the entree, where he commands a good view of all the players.

There are generally six players on each side, and the object is to place the ball in the opposite goal, but it must be being counted as foul. The duration of the play depends on whether the goal has been made. If at the expiration of ten minutes no goal has been made, "time" is called. After a rest of five minutes the rubber is thrown out by the referee, which is a signal for the players to get ready; then a whistle is blown and there is an almost simultaneous plunge by both teams for the ball.

The positions taken in a match-game are somewhat similar to those in football. It is a sort of football played with the hands. There is the same kind of onslaught for the capture of the ball, and it is kept in motion by the members of one side passing it from one to another. Some very ludicrous and laughable scenes sometimes take place. Two men will clutch for the ball of the same time, and both will disappear, and on their reappearance the one with the ball will find on reaching the surface two or three of his opponents in waiting for him, who pounce upon and sink him out of sight.

In a moment, probably, all but the goal-tenders are in the middle of the tank, and all that can be seen is a confused mass of arms and legs, but the keen-eyed captains of the teams have got their wits about them, and a sign or an expression will cause two or three of the players to gradually near the opponents' goal. The goal-tender's fun then commences. He makes a rush for the ball, but the adroit "rubberist" passes it to another of his team, and if his opponents have not come to the assistance of their

tender captures the goal. The difficulty of making a goal can only be understood by actual practice. One hand must be on the ball when it is played in the goal, and in deep water this is a rather difficult feat, with somebody on the player's back trying to force him under water, but he depends on his friends to keep him out of such a dilemma. They may not come up to his expectations, and in a second the aspect of the game is changed and the ball is at the other end of the tank. There are now five clubs in the East.

## Mexican Onyx.

Mexican onyx is a form of stalagmite, and its colors are formed by oxides of metals in the earth over the caves through which calcareous water passes. Gold is represented by purple, silver by yellow, iron by red, copper by green and arsenic

and zine by white. Volcanic eruptions and earthquakes have almost destroyed the caves in which onyx exists, and the native Indians who mine it have to cut through masses of ruins. Blocks of the material are quarried in a primitive way in order not to shatter the substance. Deep round holes are drilled by hand on a line. In each hole is inserted a snug-fitting piece of wood, which has been grooved from end to end. Hot water is poured into the

grooves at night. This swells the wood, and the block is split along the line without damage. The natives then saw the block into slahs and polish the surface by hand. Each piece s semi-transparent, and when placed botween the eve and a strong light presents a remarkably beautiful effect in form and color. - Jeweller's Weekly.

During its 254 years of existence Harvard University has graduated 16. 930 pupils, of whom little more than one-half (8637) are still living.

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

"Tis a Wonderful Bracer for | Worn-Dut dstomachs.

Did you evel; hear of a Worcestershire sauce crektail? Probably not. Yet they are Irunk by certain persons whose stonia hs require a strong decoction to tone them up. I ate breakfast in a certain ropular restaurant yester-day, and could find no Worcest ershire on my table with which to flawor my When the head waiter brough a bottle to me be smiled and remarked. 'We can't afford to keep Worcestershire on the tab'es any longer, sir; too many people drink it up,"

"Drink it up? You don't mean to say that any one drinks Worcestershire as a beverage. I should think it, would burn the 'out out of his mouth."

"It pro ably would out of an ordinary man's," said the head-waiter; but for an old rounder Woreestershire sauce is the best 'bracer' in 'the world. It straightens him up when shisky, and gin cock tails, and even abstinthe, have lost their grip. Before ve hid our Worcestershire bottles av ay, I have seen them come in, sit down at the tables, give their order fer breakfast, and then, as soon as the waiter's back was turned, empty their glass of water. seize the Worcester hire bottle, fill the goblet half full of the sauce and 'down' it at a gulp. The effect is quick and wonderful. Merc who come in all played out, shaky and dilapidated, will straighten up and be as hungry as a tramp by the time brenkfast is brought. Oh, there is nothing like a Worcester-shire cocktail. The old rounders would tell you so, if they would tell you the truth. But they won't. They are ashamed of it, and conceal their craving. I don't believe you could get one of the Worcestershire 'fiends' to own up to it."

"Did you ever know anybody to ask for a drink of Worcestershire?

"Never but once. He is an old customer and gives me good tips, so I will not expose him by telling his name. He used to look around wistfully after the bottles disappeared from our tables. and when he couldn't find them he would orde absisthe. But that didn't hit the spot like Worcestershire, Presently I detected him drinking the tomato catsup. I said nothing, but the catsup bottles were taken off. The next morning he came in to breakfast as usual, and I saw him look for the tomato catsup. He couldn't find it, of course. I said to myself, 'What will you do now, old man?' He was evidently disturbed. But he ordered his breakfast, and began inspecting the cruets in the stand on the table. All at once a bright idea struck him. He took out the cayenne pepper cruet, liberally sprinkled the water in his goblet, and drank it down, I could stand it no longer. Walking up to him, I said: 'Mr. ----, would you like some Worcester in er?' He flushed up, for he saw that I knew his socret-no secret, though, for he is only one of a dozen such that frequent this restaurant. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I would. Nothing picks me up like Worcestershire. I tell you what I'll do. Sell me a bottle and keep it for me, and when I come in to get my breakfast, pour me out a small glassful on the quiet. Say nothing to anybody, and I will see that you lose nothing.' I did so, and now he gets his Worcertershire cocktail every morning, and eats his breakfast like a 'little man.'"

It is well known to the trade that one of the ingredients of many of the sauces used on meats is asafetida. This is the drug administered in hospitals and inebriate asylums to patients who are suffering from the effects of hard placed in to count a goal, throwing it in drinking. Probably the presence of the asafetida explains why "rounders find the drinking of table sauces so invigorating to their worm-out stomachs. The question is: How long will the effects last? After Worcestershire, what?- New York Star.

## Not a Beggar.

"Gentlemen," he began, in a smooth voice, "I'm dead-broke, but no beggar. I want to raise about ten shillings, but I shall do it in a legatimate manner. Now, then, let me ask you to inspect this.

He took from his pocket a piece of iron chain, as large as his thumb, and containing six links. He passed it round and, after it had been carefully inspected by each of the paxty, he con-

tinued: "I want to bet my overcoat, which is worth two pounds, against ten shillings in cash, that none of you can separate one link from the others."

The piece of chain was passed round again to be more closely scrutinized, and finally one of the party, who was a machinist, returned it with the re-

"And I want to stake that sum against your overcoat that you can't do it vourself. "Done!" said the stranger, as he

pulled off his coat. Coat and cash were put in the hands of a stake-holder, and the stranger asked the group to follow him. He walked across the street and into a blacksmith's shop, and, picking up a hammer and chisel, he deliberately cut

a link. The onlookers stood like so many bumpkins at a country fair, but when the stranger held up the link and claimed the stakes, the machinist recovered his wits sufficiently to ex-

"Sold by a professional swindler! The money is yours; but in exactly thirty seconds after you receive it I shall begin to kick and you had better be twenty yards off."

"Thanks-glad to have met yougood-day," replied the stranger, and he was out of sight in seven seconds. She Gave Herself Away.

Census-Taker (to an old maid)-When were you born, miss? Old Maid-I was born about the time that Lincoln was assassinated. Census-Taker (a little later to the mother)-In what battle did you say

your husband was wounded? Mother-At Vicksburg, I think. Old Maid-Why, no, mother; wasn't. It was in the Mexican war. remember it as well as can be.

A MAN never forgets how good he is to others .- Atchison Globe.

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is Peculiar To Itself

# 100 Doses One Dollar

Cetobriga.

Portugal has a most interesting mystery in the submerged city of Cetobriga, In the beginning of the present century a fisherman, while rowing along the coast, was astonished at sight of houses and well-paved streets under the water of the Bay of Setubal. He communicated the news to the inhabitants of the neighboring town of the same name, and excavations were at once begun under the patronage of government. It was soon determined that the ruined city must be Cetobriga, which is sometimes mentioned by old writers, though literature contains little information regarding its fate or history.

Interesting coins, bracelets and pot tery were dug out, and in 1814 a number of metal tablets were found bearing curious and ancient inscriptions. These were evidently of Phoenician origin.

There is no doubt that the Romans possessed the city long before its destruction, as their remains are encountered on every hand. Medals, grand statues, symmetrical columns of temples, and various other evidences prove a high state of civilization in the people who built the city. There can be no doubt that many wealthy Romans settled here to enjoy the delightful climate, and perhaps also to escape from the turbulence of Rome.

"The remains of this once populous and ancient city," says a Portuguese writer, "stand as an eternal monument of a people of whom we know nothing. A traveler who has recently visited it sends the Scientific American an ac count of what he saw.

His first task was to explore what had already been excavated. The floors of the houses were exquisitely laid in mosaic, and the colors were as fresh and bright as when they were put on, long ages ago. Nearly every house had its bath-room, and an ingenious mode of heating and conveying water to the pipes. At the back of the house was a large fire-proof tank, made of broken shells and pottery cemented together. The fire was built under this tank, and the water conveyed to the bath through flat earthen pipes.

A block of granite that had formed part of the corner wall of a house had been broken, and then mended by inserting a piece of store, and making it last by cement. This cement was of the same color as the stone, and the break could be distinguished only by close observation. When some one attempted to remove the piece, the stone itself gave way before the cement. Such a compound would be invaluable at the preent day. Scattered everywhere throughout the submerged city are similar traces of a high civilization

Some strange and terrible fate must have overtaken Cetobriga. The sea had evidently combined with some fearful earthquake, far worse than the one of 1755, and overwhelmed it in ruin. It is difficult to realize that the waters of the calm, bright bay could have reared their waves so high as to engulf those grand temples and monuments.

Country Roads. Attention cannot be too frequently drawn to the importance of good roads. In cities, even, the pavements of the streets are a better index to the popular taste and to public spirit than are the walls of public buildings. In the country, roads are the measure of public and private enterprise. They favor or hinder intercourse according as they are good or bad, and upon intercourse depends to a large extent the intelligence and refinement of a people.

The Romans knew well not only how to conquer, but how to civilize and to govern. They were the road-builders of their time. There are miles and miles of road-bed still in use in England that was laid down seventeen or eighteen hundred years ago. In France they are older and more extended. Along these lines have grown up some of the largest and most prosperous cities of the world. Through many centuries, the thoroughfares furnished all the advantages of navigable waters.

But the argument drawn from the profit and loss account is the one most effective in these days, and that is the one which readers are most likely to meet with pretty often in our public prints. Several estimates made by experts upon economic questions have

been recently published.

Professor Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, reckons that "poor roads cost the farmer, on an average, fifteen dollars per horse."

Professo Jenks, of Knox College, Illinois, argues that "with good permanent roads freight could often be hauled ten miles on wagons cheaper than it could be taken one mile on a dirt road to a railroad station, unloaded, put on the cars, and carried to its destination.'

These are the opinions of specialists who have no doubt gone over a great many columns of statistics in making up their estimates. There is no prac tical teamster who will not admit the reasonableness of their conclusions. The greatest obstacle, perhaps, to the improvement desired arises from the circumstance that there are as yet no really good roads in this country, and from the other fact that the science of building roads has never been studied by our people.- Youth's Companion.

Bricks Without Straw.

Economical Wife-There, didn't I do well to buy a silk dress with that \$25? Here's elegant jet trimming, and handsome fringe, and lovely buttons, and the very best linings, and every little necessary for a whole suit.

Husband-Oh, yes; and the silk? E. W .- Oh, my goodness! 1 do believe I forgot all about that!-Detroit Free Press.



HURTS AND BRUISES.

George Patterson fell from a 2d-story window, striking a fence. I found him using St. Jacobs Oil freely all over his hurts. I saw him next morning at work; all the blue spots had gone, leaving neither pain, sear nor swelling.

C. K. NEUMANN, M. D.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
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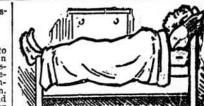
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